

## Ex Convict 19

### Chapter 19

Jason stared at Grace's sorry figure.

She was just a target in the game, but why... why did he feel uncomfortable when he saw her being treated like this?

It was because... even if she was a target in their twisted games, he could not allow others to touch her. Even if he wanted to

torture her, he was the only one who could do it. No one, no one else was allowed.

This is what he told himself.

After a while, he turned around and left.

Sean who was standing not far away looked at Grace's back and a thoughtful look flashed across his eyes.

Lily, who was next to him, gnashed her teeth in anger. "Grace is really lucky. Greg, that idiot, can't he be less ostentatious? He just had to disturb Jay!"

Sean shrugged, but his gaze remained on Grace.

Terrence greeted Manager Wang.

Terrence stared at Greg as if he was looking at a dead man.

They were all the same, these wealthy young men. Too much money, too little control. Always someone to clean up their

messes. But Gregory, he had gone too far today. And the foolish man was about to pay the price for provoking someone under Mr. Reed's protection.

It was a coincidence that Mr. Reed happened to be at the club today, and had seen what had just happened.

What might have befallen the young woman had they not been here?

What would befall Gregory if he'd successfully followed through with his assault on her? Terrence had heard the commotion- the 'disturbance' as his boss had called it-and he'd seen the Stevens heir and several other people watching on while Miss Cummins was nearly drowned in a decorative pond.

Of all the things...

He considered himself a master at his role and as the direct liaison to Reed Group's President. Terrence took his job seriously.

What would Mr. Reed do?

He knew exactly what his young boss would expect.

Terrence said to the security guard at the side, "Whatever he did just now, do it again."

The security guards immediately heeded the order. Two strong and powerful guards dragged Greg directly to the side of the

pool, grabbed the back of his head, and dunked him into the water over and over again, just like Greg had been doing to Grace before!

As for those ex-classmates who came out to spectate, as well as Sean and Lily, they were all a little dumbfounded.

Who would have thought that things would develop like this?

The security guards seemed to have no intention of going easy on him. Manager Wang had no intention of pleading for Gregory either.

Good. They all knew who the real muscle was in this city.

After all, the Anders family was only one of the shareholders of this club. At present, merely the son of a shareholder had been sacrificed. Manager Wang knew the other shareholders would want to be on the right side of Jason Reed.

Terrence turned his head and his gaze fell on Sean and Lily.

Lily was the first to come to her senses. She smiled and said, "I'm sorry for letting Mr. Reed wait. We'll go to see him now."

"No need," Terrence said calmly. He'd overheard every word this young couple had said to Grace. "Mr. Reed said that he won't have time to meet the two of you today anymore. The both of you may go back."

With that, Terrence left without waiting for the two to react.

Grace returned to the Sanitation Service Center, still shaken.

"My goodness, girl, why are you drenched? Did you fall into the river?" Claire asked. Then she saw the state of Grace's torn clothes, and her teasing tone evaporated. "Did something happen when you sent the documents?"

Grace took a deep breath and slowly said, "The documents... never mind, just now... I accidentally fell into a small pool."

"It's such a cold day, you need to go home and change out of your clothes-and dry your hair," Claire said.

Grace nodded.

Claire stood by awkwardly while Grace grabbed her purse and phone from her locker. "Hey, I'm not sure this is even the right time, but Chase asked me about you. He's interested. And he's a nice guy, Grace."

Grace slammed her locker closed. "Claire, I've said that I don't want to be in a relationship now. Why don't you help me with Chase and instead of encouraging him, why don't you tell him not to put his hopes in me anymore? It'll only be a waste of time."

Claire sighed. "If you really don't have the heart to take a chance on him, I will tell Chase. But I want it noted that I think you're wasting a great opportunity here."

Grace nodded. She was too tired to argue.

"Seriously, Grace, that is no way to live through. You don't really want to be alone until you die!"

Inexplicably, a handsome face appeared in Grace's mind.

She'd have Jay. Well, not in the romantic sense. But they'd be family. And that would be enough.

"I appreciate you, Claire," Grace said before starting her long walk home.

In the evening, when Grace returned to her apartment, Jay was already there.

"I, uh, I'll get dinner started in a moment. I just need to shower first."

Jason grabbed hold of her hand. "You're soaking wet and it isn't raining."

She bit her lip.

He reached out gently and touched her shirt where it was torn. "How did this happen?"

The question was delivered in an even tone, but she sensed the emotion coursing in him.

Jason's eyes burned into hers. "Sister, did anything happen to you today?"

"What would have happened to me? I've just been sweeping the road like I usually do," she said. She did not want to tell him

what had transpired. What could he do?

And with his stomach, what if news of her assault upset him?

"Oh, it's nothing."

She tried to move past him into the bathroom, but he caught her by the hand.

She winced.

Jason rubbed the wound.

A dime-sized hole that was swollen and bleeding.

Compliments of one well-placed stiletto heel and a hundred and ten pounds of force.

“What about this?” Jason said. “Is this an occupational hazard too?”